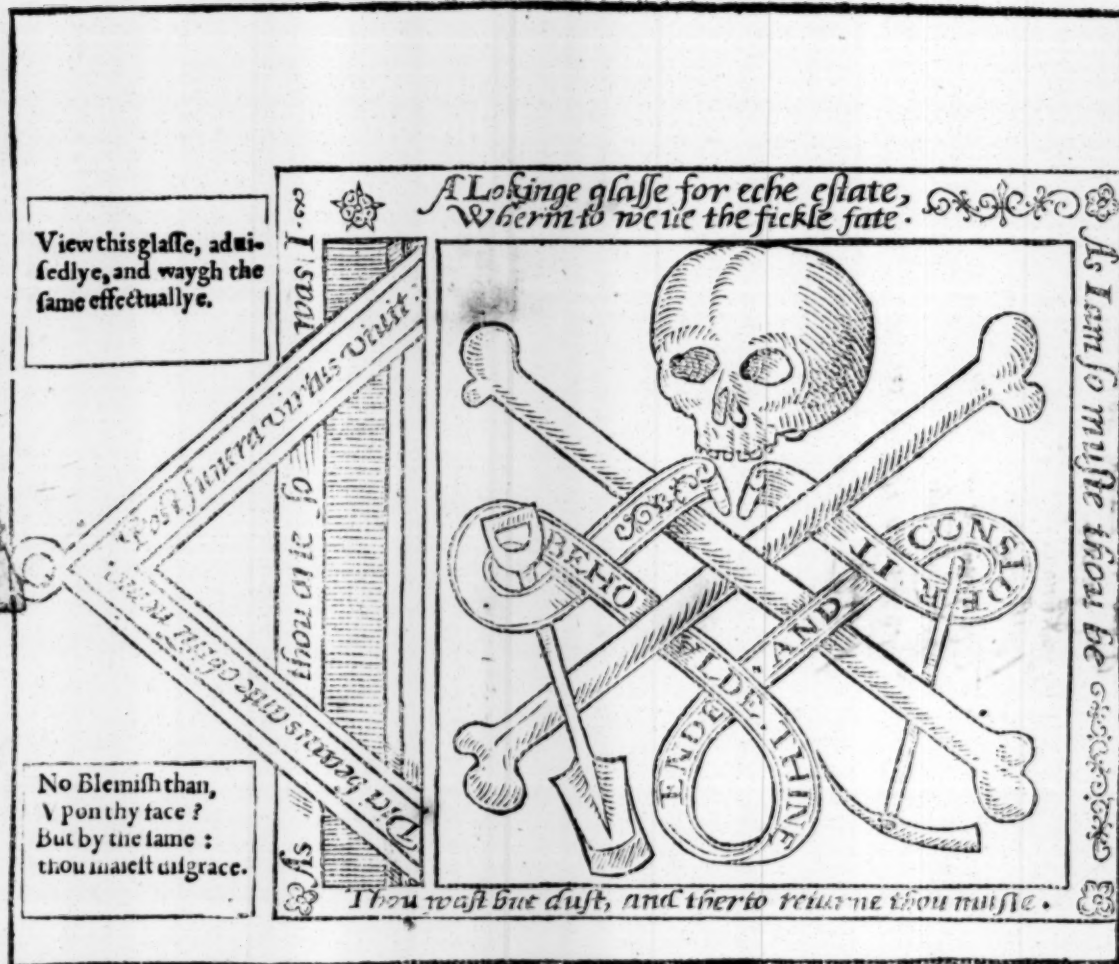




Deathe vnto carelesse youthe

YE Carelesse youthe looke well on me
for as I am so shal you bee:
I am the wight at length that mu^te
lay all your honor in the duste.
I am the wight that must at lengthe,
confounde both might, and manlye strenghe
As it is at states of hyghe degree,
to c. use to fall, and follow me:
Pea kinges, and Queenes, and others moze,
both Lords and La^yes hye and lowe,
The p^rieste, the p^relate, clarke and all,
of force must yeld when I do call.
The youtfull blouds as well as theise,
must vnto deathe come paye there is.
No welth no strengthe, no pol^lecpe,
can make resistance vnto mee.
Wherefore let this be still your songe:
Dead shall I be or it be longe.
But when, o^r howe, god he doth knowe,
wherefore lets well our time bestowe.

Deathe to the gallante daintye Dames.

You gallante dames, beholde me heere,
for as I am you in life appeare:
Though you be gay, yet hence you must
your lothes to cipe, your fimes to leaue,
your frises haire awaye must walke:
Your belovye, sure neere, turne to duste,
and loosinge mⁱtes where on you truste.
I care not for your oies to hve,
your daintye mouthes to deathe shall I ge:
A luringe gestures where with all
you in more thousands brought to thrall,
And all thinges els must you departe.
When death doth stinge, with cruel darte.
Your ringes, your chaines, your riche aray,
re a life and a I take awaye.
Let this therefore, be eke your songe,
Dead shall I be, or it be longe.
But when, o^r howe, god he doth knowe:
your tyme see then you well bestowe.

Deathe to Crookedage

Come hoarpe heares, and dauce with me,
your state in sequence may you see:
Though long this worlde you have at will,
yet deathe at laste will have his fill:
For golde and welthe, deathe to the rot care,
e^ls crooked age, deathe will not spare.
When they have scrachd all that they can,
needs must they y^eleat it to another man.
No tears nor treatye, wealthe nor rende,
from painfull deathe, maye man defende
Let this therfore, be eke your songe,
dead shall I be or it be longe:
But when, o^r howe, god he doth knowe,
wherefore lets well our time bestowe.

The Author to the reader

Let enerye man if he be wise,
(respectinge not this worlde fame)
With iudgement depe, and grane at uice,
marke well this glasse, for in the same,
A per^rect picture (as I weene)
of mannes fraile naturr maye be seene.
And sithe its sure, that all shal dye,
Iu^e when, o^r howe, god only knowes,
Thise happye then, is the case I
That godlye here, his time bestowes:
But w^h to him and we againe,
whose death to the turne to entle paine,
Repente repente, and eke amende,
what is an ile:
That with the the the our sauour Christe?
naye e^ls vs his?
To raigae with him, in heauens blisse,
for euer and a daye:
That god woulde graunte this, to vs all,
let euery Christian praie Amen.

FIN'S. Tho. Iohnson.

Imprinted at london by *Abel Ieffs*, and are
to be louide by *William Barley* dwelling
in gracious strete neare leaden
haule. (1595.)

as I am so muste thou be